

THE KALIDA VENTURE.

VOL. V. NO. 32

KALIDA, PUTNAM COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1845.

WHOLE NO. 240.

POETRY.

Poetry is itself a thing of God;
He made his prophets poets; and the more
We feel of poetic do we become
Like God in love and power—under makes
All great lays, equals to the minds of men,
Deal more or less with the Divine, and have
For end some good of mind or soul of man.
The mind is this world's, but the soul is God's;
The wise man joins them here all in his power.
The high and holy works, mid lesser lays,
Stand up like churches among village cots;
And it is joy to think that in every age,
However much the world was wrong therein,
The greatest works of mind and hand have been
Done unto God. So may they ever be!
It shows the strength of wish we have to be great,
And the sublime humility of might.

True fiction hath in it a higher end
Than fact; it is the possible compared
With what is merely positive, and gives
To the conceiving soul an inner world.
A higher, simpler Heaven than that wherein
The nations are themselves. In that bright state
Are met the mental creatures of the men
Whose names are writ highest on the rounded
Of Fame's triumphal arch; the shining shapes
Which star the skies of that invisible land,
Which, whose'er would enter, let him learn;
'Tis not enough to draw forms fair and lovely,
Their conduct likewise must be beautiful;
A hearty holiness must crown the work,
As a gold cross the minister dome, and show,
Like that inestment of Divinity
That the whole building doth belong to God.

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

A blind old beggar, with his hat in hand,
Neglected by the passers by,
I noticed him at a corner stand,
With moisture falling from his sightless eye.
A child came by—a laughing little creature—
With joy and innocence in every feature,
Skipping forth gaily to an apple stand,
She saw the beggar, and became less gay;
Then hung the bit of silver in her hand
Into the old man's hat, and ran away!

Be thou like the first apostles—
Be thou like heroic Paul,
If a free thought seeks expression, do not hold
Speak it boldly! speak it all!
Face thine enemies—accusers,
Scorn the prison, rack, or rod!
And if thou hast reason to utter,
Speak! and leave the rest to God.

Time was, is past; thou cannot not recall;
Time is, thou hast; employ the portion small;
Time future is not; and may never be,
Time present is the only time for thee.

MARRYING FOR MONEY.

BY H. F. HARRINGTON.

There is a gray haired gentleman in New York, a retired merchant, whose bland and hearty countenance may be seen every fair day, in Broadway, through the window of his carriage, as he takes his airing. There is nothing ostentatious about his equipage—none of that laboured display, unfortunately characteristic of too many in New York. He does not ape the habits of a foreign aristocracy, by attiring his servants in liveries; and his carriage, though evidently of costly manufacture, is so barren of tinsel, and of so unpretending a construction, that the passer by, as his eye falls in the midst of the ambitious "turn outs," so numerous in Broadway, would never suspect its occupant to be the master of unbounded wealth—capable of buying up, body and soul, nine hundred and ninety-nine of the bedizened and bewhiskered aspirants, who dash by him as he leisurely rumbles along, in their flashy, gingerbread vehicles.

He is often accompanied by his wife and daughter; the former preserving in the wane of life, traces of loveliness; the latter in the dawning of lustrous beauty. The dress of these ladies corresponds with the elegant simplicity—that test of true elevation and real gentility—which we have remarked upon as distinguishing the husband and father. The jewels they wear are few and tasteful; and in their plain and becoming attire, they do not make their bodies locomotive millions signs, nor tell a tale, by extravagance of outward display, that, conscious of deficiency in mental superiority, they would make a parade of the gaudiness of the covering alone for the empress within it.

This gentleman came to the city when a young man, a poor adventurer. He left his father's humble fireside in the country, with a blessing and a pack of clothes, and with a five dollar note in his pocket—all he was worth in the world—he turned his steps towards New York; ignorant of mankind—of the thousands seeking, like himself, a livelihood, who congregate in this moral whirlpool—but full of expectation—of hope—of determination—of energy. It was distant several days' travel, but he did not greatly diminish his scanty funds, for the farmer's door at which he applied at evening, was ever open to receive him, and a few hours of labor the succeeding day required—for he would have scorned to have accepted of charity—the hospitality extended to him. He sought a mean, cheap lodging-house, when at last he trod with eager foot, the streets of the city, and, although wondering curiosity was awake, he wasted no time in idleness, but sedulously employed himself in seeking occupation. Appearances are deceitful, and it is dangerous to put faith in them; but the merchant who listened to Jacob Flagg's story, taking the honesty depicted in his face as an endorsement of his truth, made him his porter, and never had reason to regret it.

For four years he was a faithful servant—diligent, industrious, honest, frugal. Closing his duties soon after nightfall, his evenings were his own; and by the light of his lamp, he devoted them to the improvement of his

mind. At the end of four years, with what he had saved of his earnings, and some little assistance from his employer, he opened a small shop in an obscure street; wherein he vended a small stock of dry goods. From the beginning he succeeded; slowly indeed, yet he succeeded. And the majesty may succeed in precisely the same way. Whatever one's income may be however trifling, let him live within it, and he is even then prospering; and to prosper in a great city frugality never finds itself at fault. Subsistence and a home may be procured, meeting to any quality of means; and he who casts false pride out of doors, and indulges rather in that more ennobling satisfaction, the consciousness that he is wronging no fellow being by unjust self-indulgence, is laying a foundation for prosperity that nothing can shake; though the goods of earth may gather slowly, the soul will be heaping up treasures. Extravagance is a comparative term; and he who, with an income of a few hundreds, exceeds its bounds in his expenditures, is more extravagant than the possessor of millions, whose lavish hand scatters thousands upon thousands from his revenue. Jacob Flagg had a little something left of his first year's gains, and a yet larger sum at the close of the second—tenfold at the third.

As his condition improved, he cautiously and advisedly improved his mode of living. He removed to a more genteel boarding house—and then a better still—ever careful, however, not to deceive himself and run ahead of duty.

The second change was rife with momentous influences upon his destiny; for there was in the same houses a widow and her pretty daughter, the last an heiress worth a thousand dollars! The widow, named Watkins—not her real name, by the by, for on our veracity we are telling a true story, and it might give offence to be too particular—was not over stocked with wit, and piqued herself as much on her slender jointure and the thousand dollars Helen was to possess on her wedding day; as though her hundreds had been thousands, and her daughter's thousand a million. Helen was sensible, very sensible, and resisted in a good degree, the unhappy influences of her mother's weakness; but most women, not being conversant with business, do not appreciate the value of money; and it is not amazing that Helen, when it was constantly a theme of exultation and pride with her mother, should imagine at least, her thousand dollars—a fortune.

Flagg, after a time, loved her—loved her with his whole heart, and was tenderly loved in return. He had always determined, with an honest pride, never to fall in love with a woman who had money; "it should never be cast in his teeth by his wife's grumbling relations that he was supported by his," and there are few who will accuse him of swerving from his principles, although he did love Helen Watkins, and she had a thousand dollars.

He married her; and on the wedding day pursuant to her father's will, the thousand dollars were placed in Flagg's hands. Doing as he thought best for their mutual advantage, he invested it in his business, and instead of dashing with an establishment, remained at the boarding house. For a time all went well. A loving bride thinks little, for months, of anything but love and happiness, and Helen never spoke of the thousand dollars. Flagg furnished her with money sufficient for her wants, and indeed for her desires—the engrossment of her thoughts otherwise limiting her wishes. But when a year had gone by, she often asked for articles of dress or luxury—luxury to them—whom her husband could not afford to give, and gently but resolutely denied her. "It is very strange," thought Helen to herself, "that when he has all that thousand dollars of mine, he won't let me have what I want." Her mother fostered these complaining thoughts, and on an occasion when she had set her heart on something which he refused to purchase, she ventured to vent her disappointment in reproaches; and referred to the thousand dollars, which she was sure she ought to be at liberty to spend, since it was all her own. Flagg was astonished, indignant; but restraining himself, kindly reasoned with her, and represented to her how paltry a sum, in reality, a thousand dollars was; how long ago it would have been spent, had it been in her own possession, by the procurement of half the articles she had solicited. But her pride prevented her from listening with calmness, and she only gathered enough of his explanations to excite, in her morbid judgment, the suspicion that it was only given to excuse himself for his meanness.

In a short time the thousand dollars came up again—and again—and again; the last time immediately after breakfast. Flagg could bear it no more. Without a rejoinder he suddenly left his house. His wife saw that he was more than ordinarily moved—his face wore a startling expression, and, regretful, penitent, alarmed, she called earnestly and tearfully for him to return. But it was too late! It was a sullen, stormy, wintry, chilly day, when Flagg left his home that morning. It was, too, at the very climax of one of those mercantile crises when the rich feel poor, and the poor, beggars; and Flagg, breasting the storm bravely thus far, had congratulated himself that in a few days he should be safe, and his fortunes golden forever. How bitter were his sensations as he came down Broadway that morning, plashing through the rain! He loved Helen dear-

ly—he knew that she loved him. Their days were all happiness, save that destroyed by this one foible, and let come what would, he determined to give her a "lesson that should last the rest of her life."

He did not return to dinner. Helen waited for him; and, robbed by her anxiety and remorse of her appetite, would not go down herself, but sat all the afternoon looking from the window into the deserted and dreary street, weeping sometimes as though her heart would break. When daylight had nearly gone, and she began to strain her eyes to distinguish objects without, she discovered him approaching. She could not—she dared not—go to meet him; but when he opened the door, she could not repress a shriek at the haggardness of his countenance. He came to her side, and taking her hand, said, with a voice broken by exhaustion and emotion, while he extended with the other a roll of bank notes—

"Helen, there are your thousand dollars. I have had toil, and anguish, and pain enough to get them for you in these dreadful times; but I had resolved, and would not be disappointed. Take them, do with them as you like, and we will be wholly happy, for you never can reproach me more."

"No, no; not for the world!" sobbed Helen, sinking on her knees in shame: "Oh, husband forgive me! I shall never be guilty again!" and she tried to make him accept of the notes. He was, however, resolute; and well knowing from his character that what he had determined on as a proper course he would never swerve from, she dismissed the subject, and they were afterwards indeed happy. He never asked to what purpose she had appropriated her thousand dollars, but it was plain enough that she expended them neither for dress or ornament. If any thing, she was more frugal than ever, and he was compelled to question her of her wants and wishes, when he was disposed to gratify them, as he was liberally and freely, so soon as his prosperity would authorize it.

Reader, this Flagg is the same hale old fellow whom we have spoken of as riding in his carriage in Broadway; and that wife is this same Helen. That daughter—oh, I can tell a story of her! She is to be married next week, to a young man not worth a penny—who loves her, and cares not a pin for her father's money, confiding, as he does, in his own energies—which the old gentleman took care to make sure of before he gave consent. As to that thousand dollars, it has been accumulating this twenty years—has been added to constantly by the mother, and now is a good round sum—we have it from good authority, at least twenty thousand—and will be a gift to the daughter on the marriage day. But we warrant you, she will hear the whole story of the "thousand dollars," and be warned not to suspect any honest, high-minded, loving man, of marrying for money.

THE SEA SERPENT is no longer a doubtful character. The monster bones found by Dr. Koch some months ago in Alabama, have been put in order for exhibition at the Apollo, in Broadway. They are arranged just as they were found embedded and petrified in the chalk and lime stone. They are all in a remarkable state of preservation, and some of them almost as perfect as if but just taken from the animal. The spinal bones as now arranged, measure one hundred and fourteen feet in length, and the animal must have measured at least one hundred and twenty-five feet.

Thirty-two of the ribs, apparently about half the whole number, have been recovered in a good state, and prove that this enormous snake must have measured twenty five feet in circumference. Although found so far inland, the monster no doubt belonged to the deep, and was thrown out of his element to die where he was found, by some convulsion of the earth. A scientific gentleman who came in and examined the teeth and bones, said the animal was evidently a calf, and far from being mature in its growth. In his day, however, he would have fully sustained all that has been said of the sea serpent off our Atlantic coast.—N. Y. Jour. Com.

THE ENGLISH METHODISTS AND SOUTHERN SLAVERY.—A correspondent of the Commercial Advertiser tells the following story, which will show the sort of feeling which prevails amongst the English Methodists, in relation to Slavery in America:—

A preacher belonging to one of the Southern Conferences, who has spent some time in England in search of health, applied to some of the preachers to be admitted into the British Conference; he said that his credentials were signed by Bishop Soule; the question was then asked by some members of the Conference, whether the Bishop had signed them before or since his special identification with the South. Upon which Dr. Newton, as secretary of the Conference, was deputed to wait upon him, examine his credentials and report to Conference; he did so, and asked the gentleman distinctly if he espoused the cause of the Southern Conferences. He affirmed that he did; and the consequence was, he was not admitted into Conference.

"SAINTED MARTA!"—The editor of the Liberator prefaces a couple of letters as follows: "We copy below the letters of these eminent christians, Messrs. Clay and Webster, on the observance of the Sabbath."—What's the trump?

A PROOF OF SINCERE AFFECTION.—A Flemish painter, entertaining some doubts of the affection of his wife, and being anxious to ascertain if she really loved him, one day stripped his breast naked, and painted the appearance of a mortal wound on his skin; his lips and cheeks he painted of a livid color, and on his pallid near him he placed his knife, painted on the blade with a blood-like color; he then shrieked out as if he had been instantly killed, and lay motionless. His wife, hearing the noise, ran into his study, was horror struck at the appalling spectacle, uttered an involuntary scream, fell down in a swoon, and in a few minutes became a lifeless corpse.

The "Gazette de France" contains a letter from M. Bathe, the French Consul at Mossul, stating, that, after numerous difficulties, the interesting collection of sculptures and inscriptions, discovered by him on the site of ancient Nineveh, has safely arrived at Bagdad, having thus accomplished the most dangerous part of their journey to France. These inscriptions, when deciphered, will, it is thought elucidate many disputed points in history and chronology.—Advent Herald.

THE RIGHT KIND OF UNION.—We go as strongly for Union as any of the advocates of democracy in the country; but it must be such a union as that of which the "Cincinnati Enquirer" speaks:

"Union!" say you!—why certainly! but not "any" course for it. No, there is but one course to obtain it; and that is the straight forward, honest, undeviating, unflinching path of PRINCIPLE. Let us have—not union for the benefit of political hucksters—not yet for the gain of the Wooster Bank parlor worthies—for such an union would make us an organization of dupes and fools; but let us have union in opposition to Bank abuses—to the pet Bank system throughout—union for the constitutional Treasury, and for all the great fundamental measures and doctrines of the democratic cause, and then we shall have it and triumph in its strength!

POLITENESS RECIPROCATED.—A criminal was in the county jail awaiting his trial for murder, with a reasonable prospect of conviction. The candidate for the sheriffly called one day to see him, when the prisoner wishing to compliment his visitor, said to him, "If I should be condemned to be hanged, I know of no one by whom I would rather be hung than by you." The visitor, acknowledging the bow, with one of his blandest smiles, replied, "And should I be elected sheriff, I know of no one I would rather hang than you."

Philosophers have puzzled themselves how to define man, so as to distinguish him from other animals. Burke says: "Man is an animal that cooks his victuals." Then, says Johnson, "the proverb is just, there is reason in roasting eggs." Dr. Adam Smith has hit this case. Man, says he is an animal that makes bargains; no other animal does this—no dog does not change a bone with another.

What is right? Is it an abstract principle, or is it a conventional and relative term, to be interpreted according to the peculiar creed of each individual? The principle of right is an unalterable law of God, fixed upon an unchanging foundation—binding alike upon man under all circumstances, and on all occasions—during all ages, and with whatever severity our lot may be cast; and it is this: Let all our acts tend to the happiness of those with whom we may be associated—thereby rendering to our neighbors all the good it is in our power to confer—promoting the best interests of the human race—shedding around that blessed influence which virtue and truth ever infuse, and giving confidence to man, by elevating the standard of human action and human motives.—Buffalo Pilot.

HORRID.—The New York papers are detailing the account of the arrest of a woman Doctor engaged in producing abortion, and others connected with her. From the evidence elicited, it appears that in cases where death ensues, and it is not uncommon, they pack their bodies in boxes and hire persons to sell them to anatomists. Two cases of this kind have been ascertained. The wretched concerned in this infamous business are in jail, and we hope will be punished as they deserve.

One of the great objects of the republican party is the reduction of the tariff. As Mr. Walker emphatically said, "the tariff must be reduced to the revenue standard." The manufacturers are as yet making enormous profits, at the expense of the rest of the community. But the number of manufacturers is very small, compared with the whole society. An estimate has just been made, by which it appears that from 1830 to 1840 "the manufacturing population has increased 231,348, and the people who are to feed them have increased, 1,485,100." Every consideration, indeed, of justice and equality among the different sections of the country and classes of the community, conspires with the soundest principles of political economy, to recommend important reductions of the tariff, and to bring about an equalization of burdens as well as blessings upon the country. [Washington Union.]

The Secretary of War has appointed Mr. Bartlett of Homer, New York, and David Tod, of Ohio, Commissioners to explore the Mineral region about Lake Superior.

MYSTERIOUS SUICIDE.—The coroner was called on Saturday to hold an inquest at No. 80 Chambers street, on the body of a young girl named Sophia Smith, aged about 24, and the circumstances connected with her death seem to demand a much more searching investigation than the matter-of-course one that functionary seems to have bestowed upon it. The body of the girl lay on the floor in an attic—the jaws were bound up with a handkerchief, and a long piece of cotton was wound tightly round her throat five times, and tied with a hard knot in front; her mouth was filled with a portion of it also.—She held in her right hand a knife, covered with blood, and eight wounds were discovered in the lower part of the abdomen. The handkerchief round her jaws was of fine cambric, and marked "C. Whitney."

It was proved that she had been in the habit of coming to the house for some time past, and for the past week had been there continually. She went to bed the night before, about half past nine o'clock, and complained of illness, and that was the last that was seen or heard of her. It was proved that the body was healthy, that the wounds did not produce death, but that the deceased died by strangulation, and the jury returned a verdict to that effect, adding that it was done by her own hands.

The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of suicide; but the aspect of the affair now gives it a deep coloring of murder—and such a murder as is yet unrecorded in the annals of crime in America. The chief of police and Justice Taylor have, united, taken upon themselves a more thorough investigation of this mysterious and dark affair, and in more sagacious, prudent and persevering hands, it could not have fallen. There is a wide spread and deep excitement in the subject; and one which will not be easily allayed till the public mind becomes satisfied that the unfortunate girl died by her own hands, or that her murderer is secured.—N. Y. paper.

STATISTICS OF CALOMEL.—One house in this city, has, we are told, prepared and sold, within the last three years, 17,000 pounds of Calomel. The consumer pays the apothecary for the medicine, at prices varying from 50 to 600 dollars per pound. Putting the above quantity at only 60 dollars, it would appear that the price paid for it has exceeded a million of dollars. It is supposed that the quantity manufactured by other houses is at least six times as much. If so, the cost of Calomel in three years, has been 6,000,000 dollars, or an average of two million per annum. This is a round sum to pay for being drugged to death.—Id.

TRUTH is said to lie at the bottom of a well; but, to our view of the matter, truth ought not to "lie" anywhere. Somebody, however—Ned—in the Boston Post, thinks that the proverb about the well must be correct, because, if you wish to get truth from some people, you must pump very hard.—Ned's Saturday Gazette.

THE BUFFALO.—The rapid and wasteful destruction of the buffalo in the western wilderness has been often alluded to and lamented by travelers, and in spoken of at some length by Captain Fremont. In the last eight or ten years, the number of buffalo robes received by the several Fur Companies has been, annually, about 90,000. Thousands of buffaloes are also killed every year, the skins of which are not dressed by the Indians.

LETTERIES.—The first mentioned in history was drawn on the 11th January, 1567, at the west door of St. Paul's, London, and continued drawing both day and night, until the 6th of May following.

TO CAUSE NEEDLES TO FLOAT UPON WATER.—Place carefully a fine, clean and perfectly dry sewing needle horizontally upon water; it will swim, although the specific gravity of the needle is considerably greater than that of the water. This effect is owing to the cohesive attraction of particles of water to each other, which the small weight of the needle is not sufficient to overcome.

SLAVES.—In Brazil there are 2,500,000 slaves; in the United States 2,600,000; Spanish Colonies 800,000; French Colonies 25,000; Dutch, Danish and Swedish 100,000; South America 400,000—making a total of 6,850,000.

The funeral of Rev. Mr. Turner, a colored Methodist clergyman, was the longest ever witnessed in Washington, with the exception of that of Gen. Harrison.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.—The Abbe de Lille relates of an Indian, who, amid the splendor of Paris beholding a banana tree in the "Jardin des Plantes," bathed it with tears, and seemed for a moment to be transported to his own land.

The Ethiopian imagines that God made his sands and deserts, while angels only were employed in forming the rest of the world. The Maltese, insulated on a rock, distinguish their island by the appellation of "The Flower of the World."

The Javanese have such an affection for the place of their nativity, that no advantages can induce them, their agricultural tribes in particular, to quit the tombs of their fathers.

The Norwegians, proud of their barren summits, inscribe upon six dollars—"Spirit, loyalty, valor, and whatever is honorable, let the world learn among the rocks of Norway."